

THE SILENT WORLD.

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No. 15.

TO MY MUTE FRIEND, MARIANNA.*

Would I could give to thee, fair girl, the gift
Of speech; could free thy prison'd ear and let
Thee hear the hum of human voices; all
The undulating shades of sound that swell
Upon the air; from the low humming song
Of insect life, to the cataract's roar,
As it pours its mighty flood of waters—
Lake Erie's tribute to Ontario's pride!

Oh, must thy soul forever thus be caged?
And shall thy lip forever thus be sealed?
Oh, tell me why it is? that unto thee,
Words, those symbols of the thought, which meet
The ear, and in the clash of fierce recontre,
The weapons are of the mind's battle-ground;
Why is it, that words are thus to thee refused?
Must it still forever be, that like a bird
Full fledged for flight, thy mind must sit and fold
Its eager wing, and drooping, dwell confused?
Many a babbler with little heart or thought,
Disturbs the patient air with brawling:
While thou within thy breast embosomest
A heart as pure as ocean's lilly pearl.
But like a book whose leaves are yet uncut,
It waits for death to show its hidden store.
Thy shackled soul shall free itself and spread,
Its wings, and soar aloft; in sweetest tones
Praise shall resound and Heaven's high arches ring
With music from a soul which never knew
The stain of words. Thy heart, so full of truth,
Shall overflow in bubbling words of love;
And thought shall plume and dress itself in speech.

Dumb! who called thee dumb? It is not so!
Thy face doth speak in every lineament,
And tells unto our asking eyes its joys
And sorrows; while thy fingers, with a light
And easy grace, bespeak each rising wish.
Sad at a thought of other's woe, thine eye,
So dark and full, brims up with tears
Until the lash no more can dam their flood;
They fall like tears by angels shed, softly
And silently, and dash upon the world
As though they would wash out the wrong it heaps
Upon its gentlest ones.

Live on, dear girl,
As beautiful and pure as now! Be strong!
God is overhead—the hope to build upon!

—WILLA.

* This piece is copied from *The Boston Journal* of 20 or 25 years ago.

WHAT ARE THE EARS GOOD FOR?

If you were to come into the L— school with me some morning, and I should ask you to pick out the prettiest of all the pretty girls there, you would walk straight across the room to a little girl, nine years old, with long curls, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks; but if you were to speak to this sweet little girl, she could not hear you, though if you should speak slowly, and let her see your mouth, she would read your lips, and tell quickly what you were saying. Now it is about this dear little deaf Cornie I wish to tell you a story. One day last winter, I saw Cornie in a room with three other deaf children, and I asked the dear little girl several questions, to hear her answers; for although little Cornie has never heard a word, yet she has been carefully instructed, and talks nicely. First, I asked her, "What are the hands good for?" and you should have seen her bright eyes sparkle as she said, "To sew with,

to write with, to work with." Then I asked, "What are the eyes good for?" and again little Cornie answered eagerly. Then I asked, "What are the ears good for?" and, oh! how puzzled a look came over the pretty face, and how slowly she shook her head, as she said, "I cannot think." Now, you who can hear will think it very strange that little Cornie should not know what the ears are for, but you must remember that Cornie's ears had never carried any sound to her little mind. I waited a little for Cornie to think, and soon she looked up so bright and so sure that she then knew, and said, "The ears are to pull;" and to show me just what she meant, she put up one little hand and gave one of her ears a decided pull, at the same time looking very cross.

Now don't think dear little Cornie is ever treated in this way, for her friends love her very much and are very tender in their treatment of her, but sometimes little Cornie has seen the ears used in this way. While I know that sometimes little boys and girls are very naughty, and I am very slow to speak against the punishment mamma or teacher may resort to, yet I will tell you, little reader, that I think it is not nice to pull the ears, and I do not believe they were made for that purpose. I then turned to a bright-looking deaf boy, a little older than Cornie, who seemed waiting for me to ask him, and he was very sure he was right when he said, "The ears are good to wear ear-rings in." But another girl, who had waited for these to answer, and who seemed quite amused at the strange answers given, said quickly, "The ears are to hear with," and such a sad look came into her face as she added, "I want to hear;" and the deaf boy said, "I cannot hear;" and little Cornie said, "I do not hear." Oh, how sorry I felt for these dear children, and how I wanted to take them all in my arms and cry for them. But no; I must help these dear children bear cheerfully the burden our Heavenly Father has put upon them. So I sat down where they could all see me at the same time, and told them of a bright, happy home for the good, where the deaf shall hear, and the blind shall see, and all shall be bright and joyous. I have met these dear children many times since then, and they always like to have me assure them that they will hear in heaven.—*The Christian Union*.

CATHARINE P. BROOKS.

This lady, well known to the older graduates of the American Asylum, died recently after a lingering illness, and we clip the following sketch of her from *The Union and Advertiser*, of Rochester, New York. She exhibited her interest in THE SILENT WORLD not long since by sending a poem about Alice Cogswell, with the suggestion that we should publish a short sketch of that young lady's life, as many were not well acquainted with the history of her to whom they owe so much. Her letter was written with a trembling hand, and was in pencil, as her physician had prohibited pen and ink. Many will join with us in sorrowing for the decease of so gentle a woman and the extinction of so pure a life. And none who knew her will say that the following sketch exaggerates the excellence of her character:

Catharine P. Brooks was the daughter of the late General Brooks, of Brooks' Grove, sister to Mrs. George Ellwanger of Rochester, Mrs. Henry O'Reilly of New York, Mrs. T. F. Hall of Kansas, Miss Laura A. and Wooster Brooks, now

of Brooks' Grove. She was a deaf-mute from childhood, but received a superior education at Hartford, Conn., and was a teacher in that Asylum for many years; also in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at New York.

Miss Brooks was a lady of rare decision of character and pure impulses. She had a high estimate of the good and true, and utter detestation of everything low, impure, or ignoble; never palliated a wrong, but forgave the deed.

She was very devotional and constant, meek, and believing in her christianity; very generous in her charities, an ardent supporter of the Episcopal Church, giving of her ample means to new and struggling churches, religious schools, and missionary efforts.

Miss Brooks was very handsome. Her attractive face always glowed with a gentle, genial, smiling expression, and she was very charming and graceful in form and manners. Her conversation, by signs or by writing, was extremely interesting, oft-times quaint, witty, but always true and refined. It was a great delight with me to give her a new train of thought and watch her wander and wander through it, bringing out original flashes of humor that were vastly entertaining. I never entered into one of these pleasant conversations but I came out brighter from the reflex than when I began. No matter how humorous the subject, she gave it a tone that always tended upward, till enveloped in the deep mysteries of spirit life.

She had a great horror of anything sinful in thought and action, and it would so injure her sensitive heart that I never told her any ill news or gossip. It would be a blessed thing were there more like her. The current of neighbor-news would never flow if there were no channels for it. When our friends have gone over, it is a blessing that the influence of their patient, cheerful, loving souls will linger around us till we land on the "shining shore."

I can see my pale, dear friend now, sitting in my room, with the glow of the western sunlight upon her, spelling out to me with her fingers in a weary way,—

"I AM WAITING, ONLY WAITING."

I'm waiting, waiting, let me go

To see, to hear, to speak;

My tide of life is very low,

My pulse is very weak.

In heaven, my heart will throb in bliss,

My every sense be strong;

Who would not change to that from this,

Oh, change to right from wrong?

No more of pain, no more of strife

With inward struggles past,

But onward, upward, all that life—

So free, so pure, so vast.

I'm waiting for the glorious sphere,

Where music's fullest strain

Will fall upon my ear

That closes not again.

I'm waiting for that radiant land

Beyond those sinking rays,

Where, free from all this painful band,

My tongue can chant God's praise.

HUMBOLDT says that savages believe apes could once speak, but intentionally left off for fear they would be forced to work. This is exactly what we believe of the majority of deaf and dumb beggars.

An Irish paper publishes the following: "A deaf man named Taff was run down and killed by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

NOTES ON CALIFORNIA.

OAKLAND, CAL., July, 1872.

EVERYTHING in California is so different from what it is in the East that a few notes on what came under my observation during a recent trip through the country about Oakland may not be uninteresting to the readers of THE SILENT WORLD.

Oakland is on the bay, and almost as soon as you leave the town you begin to ascend, and your journey for many miles thereafter is a continuous going up and down. In the winter and spring the hills are carpeted with the most brilliant green, but after the rains have ceased the grass becomes drier and drier, and long before the summer is through the ground looks as if it had been scorched by a fire. But dry and burnt as they seem, the hills furnish splendid pasture. Cattle will fatten on the dry grass, even when there seems to be nothing to eat, better than on anything else. Sheep live on the hills from one end of the year to the other, and when it is desired to fatten cattle for the butcher they are turned loose over the unfenced fields, and left to shift for themselves.

Every now and then, in going over the hills, you come to farms with their houses and outbuildings standing alone on some level spot. Occasionally there are fair valleys dotted with farmsteads, with a store, a church, and one or two hotels clustered together, and dignified with the name of "town." A California farm, or "ranch" as it is called, is no small affair. I saw hundreds of acres covered with wheat just ready for the harvest, and hundreds more of hay, with here and there a corn or potato field, and sometimes a vineyard, which looked as if it were another potato field. The harvest is now well advanced, and the hay has already been gathered in. Wheat, barley, and oats are sown in the same field for hay. It very seldom rains during the summer, so the farmer is neither hurried nor bothered in his harvesting by the weather. The hay is made and stacked in the field, and left until wanted. Most of the wheat is harvested by what is called "heading," that is, the heads of the wheat are cut off and gathered into carts, the stalks being left in the ground. Then the wheat is threshed and put into bags in the field at the leisure of the owner.

In one respect the equable climate is a misfortune. Neither men nor animals require much shelter, and the farm-houses are mostly long, low shanties, and many of the barns would scarcely be thought fit for sheds in the East. These buildings are hurriedly put together when the farmer first settles on the land, and has little time to spare, and the main thing is to obtain a place to cook and a shelter at night. There being no real necessity for anything better, he goes on from year to year, "letting well enough alone." It is very difficult for a stranger to determine how well off a man is. Half way up Mount Diablo we came across a family of Mexicans, who could not speak English, living in a shanty so miserable and so far from any neighbors that we concluded they must be too poor to live anywhere else. But when we came down from the mountain we saw half a dozen cows belonging to them, to say nothing of a flock of sheep, a fine horse, and hens and pigs innumerable; we thought perhaps we were a little hasty in our conclusion about their poverty.

As there is no rain, much of a farmer's success depends on irrigation. The means taken to secure this form a peculiar feature in the aspect of the country. In and near towns, where the water is chiefly used for gardens and lawns, there are innumerable wind-mills mounted by the sides of hogsheads on stilts. The wind-mills pump the water up into the hogsheads, whence it is distributed wherever wanted. In some parts of Oakland and San Francisco nearly every house has its wind-mill. In the country, farmers depend on springs, brooks,

The doctor was deaf and dumb, and a season ticket-holder on the line; and as he could not make the porters understand him, he was allowed a private key. He lived at a little village some five miles the London side of Nettleton, and the managers of the line stopped the 5.55 for him out of courtesy.

So my ghost vanished with the explanation. I shook him warmly by the hand, and, with the assistance of my Bessie, informed him of my doubts and fears, at which he laughed heartily. My spirits soon returned, and by the time the dance was announced no one was happier than myself. Bessie and I were married the following Christmas, and conspicuous among our guests was my "First-class Ghost."

IS IT RIGHT?

Of late much has been published in scientific journals of the presence of arsenic in the green coloring matter used in confectionery, and in the manufacture of paper-hangings. The Massachusetts Board of Health has recently investigated the matter, and revealed some startling truths. Of the deleterious effects of arsenic in a wall paper, allow me to say a few words of simple, plain truth.

In August, 1871, I covered the walls of a room, well ventilated by an open grate and long windows, with a thick green paper of the broad kind, sometimes known as wash paper. It was very beautiful, and my pride was gratified, as friends complimented my taste in its selection, and commented upon its cool, refreshing tint, and the charm it shed over the room. The remodelling of the apartment was intended as a surprise for an absent one, who, early in October, returned home to enjoy its renovated beauty.

In November, various unpleasant symptoms appeared—great weariness, lassitude, and depression; also indigestion, heretofore almost unknown. These increased rapidly, attended by others of a more severe and positive character, until, in January, 1872, the patient was confined to the bed, suffering from causes we could not understand, never suspecting our beautiful paper could be the promoter of such effects. A friend suggested whether the cause might not be arsenic in our wall paper. A piece of it was at once submitted to the chemical test, ammonia, a test only proving the presence of arsenic when in large quantities. The paper almost instantly turned white; the ammonia became of a deep blue, and a powder was at once precipitated in the glass. Upon folding another piece of the paper, and immersing it in fresh liquid, one could perceive the powder (arsenic) run rapidly down the fold, as sand through an hour-glass.

Another piece of the paper-hanging was sent to Dr. Barker, professor of chemistry in Yale College, who pronounced the coloring matter arsenic, and testing it again, gave his opinion that it was of a highly injurious and poisonous character.

Some one may ask, how can arsenic, if there be any in the coloring of the wall-paper, injure any one? We reply, arsenic is a subtle poison, and a small quantity will destroy life. The currents of air always put in motion by passing through a room, by the entrance of the outer air, dusting the walls, etc., dislodge particles continually, minute and imperceptible to the eye, but they are inhaled into the lungs, and because of their minuteness are absorbed through the pores of the skin, to do their work with insidious power. "If in weighing this Paris Green," said a painter to the writer, "I should allow the smallest particle to enter my nostrils, it would produce a very serious sore."

The dangerous qualities of arsenic are so well understood, that in one of the Continental monarchies of Europe the manufacture of all green paper-hanging is forbidden. The ultramarine green is perfectly harmless; but the European

monarch knows the danger of arsenic, and so distrusts the honesty of the manufacturers that it is asserted that he positively prohibits the use of all greens. This danger is not so fully comprehended on this side the Atlantic, perhaps, or if understood, we are too much engrossed with other matters to give the attention we should to this. It has been known for many years to scientific men, and we fear by some of our manufacturers. But the greed of gain, and the ignorance of the people, have continued the demand, and, of course, the supply of the poisonous article.

In proof of the truth of our opinion that arsenic was the cause of much of my friend's illness, I would say that immediately on the confirmation of our suspicion of the presence of this poison, the patient was removed from the room, although very feeble. Antidotes to arsenic were given, and, notwithstanding the fatigue and excitement consequent upon such a change, in four days many of the worst symptoms were somewhat alleviated—the dryness of the mouth and throat, the swelling of the face and limbs, and the pain in the head and eyes. Some persons, of less delicate organization, would probably not have suffered as much from the same exposure, but certainly death was apparently the goal soon to be reached in this case; and better that than life with a half-poisoned body. On burning the paper after it was removed from the wall, the smoke was of a peculiar blue color.

Now, Mr. Editor, this seems to me a very important matter. We are not all chemists, and do not understand chemical tests. We do not all see reports of scientific, or even philanthropic bodies, but a very large proportion of us do read newspapers. May I ask, therefore, your insertion of my simple, true story in your journal? I wish every paper in the land would copy it, or, better still, that some one with a powerful pen would set forth more graphically than I can do the terrible consequences likely to follow the using of *Paris Green* or *arsenic paper-hangings*.
HUMANITY.

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech (save whispering) has had forty offers of marriage.

The following witty couplet was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter, Arabella, importuned him for money:

"Dear Bell, to gain money,
Sure, silence is best;
For dumb bellies are fittest
To open the chest."

"PRAY bestow your charity, young gentleman, on a poor blind man," said a beggar to a person passing by. "If you are blind, my good fellow, how did you know that I was young?" "Oh, sir, I made a mistake," said the beggar; "pray give a trifle to a poor dumb man!"

OFFICER COLEMAN, of the Uhlans, last evening arrested on the shell road, near the white bridge, a man for being drunk. He was lugged into the station, when he was placed on the report as having "no name, no occupation, no age—nothing," he being deaf and dumb and unable to answer the questions. He will doubtless cause some confusion in court, where unknown will be charged with being drunk.—*N. O. Times*.

The Elmwood correspondent of *The Peoria Review* says: "There is a widow lady residing some three miles from here who has been voluntarily silent for some three years past—that is, ever since her husband's death. She is in comfortable circumstances, financially speaking, and has a family of children to care for, but no motherly word or tone escapes her. This is said to be the result of some fanatical religious notion of crucifying the flesh, she being in great doubt of her spiritual worthiness to be saved."

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WASHINGTON, JULY 15, 1872.

By reference to our column of Institution News it will be seen that the Conference of Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb is to take place this year at the Michigan Institution, at Flint, on the 14th and 15th of August next. Mention is also made of a meeting at South Boston. We have no knowledge of the latter, but suppose, from its locality, that it is to be a meeting to consider the subject of articulation. We would like information as to the date of this latter meeting and its object.

We print in our column of Institution News an extract from an English paper giving an account of an examination in the Liverpool School. Our readers will doubtless be amused at the ideas of the writer, and they will also smile at the reverend gentleman who wanted to know "whether the faculties of deaf and dumb children suffice to remember a short narrative." Do educated people generally, in England, still believe we are mentally deficient?

ANOTHER curious thing the writer of this article mentions is the articulate noises made by some of the pupils while making signs. We know individual cases of this kind are common among deaf-mutes everywhere, and a very disagreeable habit it is, but we never knew it to occur in numbers in a large assemblage. We have a case in point in which this habit was productive of a surprise to the possessor. He was walking along the streets of a certain city, talking to a deaf-mute companion, and giving voice now and then when he was specially emphatic in his sign-making, and attracting some attention. Soon they paused under the windows of a house occupied by an ancient maiden lady, and kept up their conversation. The lady, hearing the grunts and squeaks, thought a whole family of porkers had invaded her door-yard, and was proportionately aroused. When she discovered the true state of affairs she was at first surprised, then disgusted. After bearing it as long as the acidity of her temper would allow, she went for her water pail and emptied its contents on the gesticulating grunter below, and he and his companion departed. We are sorry we cannot say that the shower cured him of the offensive habit.

It has been our pleasure to spend a few days in New York recently, passing the time among deaf-mute friends and acquaintances. We take satisfaction in mentioning the courtesy of Mr. Fitzgerald, a deaf-mute clerk in the U. S. Custom-House, who kindly showed us over this great bone of political contention. Mr. Fitzgerald is the clerk of the longest standing in the office, having held his position for over twelve years. His fidelity has secured him a responsible position, and he has the full confidence of his superiors. We attended services in St. Ann's Church, but were not privileged to see the rector himself, conduct the services, as he was called away to a funeral, but a very acceptable sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, his assistant, from the passage in Exodus describing the battle between Amalek and Israel, when Moses' hands, with the rod of God in them, were upheld upon the mount by Aaron and Hur. The preacher urged his congregation to uphold the hands of their pastor in his great work, when they were heavy,

and to be ready to support him at all times—to give him their confidence; and as Israel overcame Amalek through the aid of Aaron and Hur to Moses, so would their pastor be successful in his efforts to better the class through their upholding of his hands. The exhortation was attended to with interest by all. We congratulate the New York deaf-mute community on having such a fine church to worship in. It looks very nice since its renovation, and among the most noticeable features are the marble baptismal font, the gift of a lady friend; the raised letters "I. H. S.," of the manual alphabet, said to be modeled from the hand of the pastor's wife, and the marble tablet in memory of a deceased churchwarden, placed in the wall near the organ.

DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was taken to the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Fanwood. She was at first very self-willed; but it pleased God to give her a new heart, and the love of Jesus was a transforming power. She became amiable and sweet-tempered, and was much beloved. But she was stricken down by disease and became blind. Thus she could neither speak, nor hear, nor see.

One day the superintendent went in to see her. She knew he had come by the jarring caused by his footsteps; for the other senses of the deaf-mute grow very acute as they are required to supplement the want of hearing.

How was the superintendent to speak to her? He made signs with his hands, and she felt them with hers. Thus the deaf converse in the dark. He said to her in this mute way:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No, I am not afraid."

"Do you not wish that you could continue to live?"

"Why should I desire to live? I can not speak; I am blind. But up yonder I shall have my sight again. I shall see the beautiful city. And then I shall hear. I shall know what sweet music is." Then raising her emaciated arm, she spelt with her slender fingers these words:

"Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

What a dear Saviour we have in Jesus! When he lays his chastening hand upon us, he does it in love. He sustains us in the darkest hour. He never, no, never forgets us.

God glorifies himself even by the tribulations of His children. He manifests His power to comfort, to bless, and to save.—*American Messenger.*

HE who pays his addresses to dumb belles is in no danger of being discarded.

PEOPLE who are sorely afflicted in this world are not always the most saintly of beings. There is a deaf and dumb boy in Michigan who has been arrested for theft, burglary, and shooting his uncle. The State will show its love for its afflicted child by chastening him still more.

THE ideas of the deaf and dumb before education have afforded much food for speculation. Here is a dumb boy's view of the moon, which we recommend to Messrs. Turner, Peet, and others: He thought that with every new moon some giant pared his thumb-nail and cast the paring up into the sky, where it grew and grew until it became round, and then fell down.

IN the Imperial Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, the mutes are called together for meals or school by the tap of a drum. In the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, there has been made a successful experiment of forming an alphabet of drum-taps, by which intelligence may be conveyed in the dark, and to a considerable distance, to any number who have learned the alphabet.

COLLEGE RECORD.

EXHIBITION OF THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

On the afternoon of the 13th of June the pupils of the Primary Department gave an exhibition, which was well attended by their relatives and friends, and was a very pleasant affair, all performing their parts in a very creditable manner.

The exercises opened with the delivery in the sign-language of the Lord's Prayer by Miss May Barnes. It was very beautifully rendered. Then followed black-board exercises and the rendering of the "Deaf Man's Grave," from Wordsworth's "Excursion," the latter by Miss Sarah J. Wells. More determined assaults on the slates were then made, with fine effect, by Misses Karns, McDonald, Pritchard, and Gourley, while Master Arthur D. Bryant delivered in clear and graceful signs Mrs. Norton's poem, "Bingen on the Rhine." An amusing piece, and very effectively delivered, was the extract from Mrs. Caudle's Lecture, by Sophia Weller. We really thought it was Mrs. Caudle herself. Miss Grace A. Freeman was pathetic with "Major Andre's Last Request." Diplomas were then conferred upon Charles Dashiell, James McBride, Amanda M. Karns, and Sarah J. Wells. There were also some exercises in articulation, and the entertainment closed with the Benediction by Professor Chickering.

The names recorded upon the Roll of Honor for the year are as follows:

Unblemished record for nine months, (the whole term): Arthur D. Bryant, Mary E. McDonald, Sarah J. Wells.

Eight months: Grace A. Freeman, Josephine Sardo, Thomas Hagerty.

Seven months: Amanda M. Karns, Lydia Leitner, Sophia R. Weller, Henry Trieschmann.

Six months: Sarah A. Gourley, Edward Clark, William Connolly, Charles Dashiell, Lewis C. Easterday,* John C. Wagner, Sarah Preston.

Five months: Emilie Rivaux, James McBride.

Four months: Maggie Ryan.

Three months: Justina Bevan,* Georgianna E. Pritchard, Elizabeth McCormick, Richard K. Stout, John W. Blaine.

Two months: May Barnes, William Richards, Willie A. Dennis, John E. Bull.*

One month: Joseph Barnes, William Moriarty.

* Left school before the close of the term.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET and party left New York for Europe on the 6th, in the Cunard steamship Abyssinia. We were there, with many friends, to see them off. It was our first experience on board an outward-bound ship, and the great number of red eyes among the passengers and their friends, with here and there much sobbing and embracing, gave us a vague impression that we were attending a funeral, and the following obituary notice ran through our head continually: "Departed this continent for a happier land, on the 6th of July, 1872, of the European fever, E. M. Gallaudet; wife, infant child, and nurse; Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet; A. G. Draper, Miss Kitty Gallaudet, Miss Grace Gallaudet, Miss Gertrude Denison, niece of the President, and Willie Denison, a nephew. May fair winds fill their sails and speedily waft them to the shores they seek." But previous to all this we had a pleasant time in the sail down the bay to the anchorage, and in the inspection of the great ship, and we can assure curious friends that everything was arranged for comfort and a most enjoyable voyage.

The child of the College janitor died on the night of the 3d.

E. L. CHAPIN, '74, is playing the part of "Ye Reliable Local" for THE SILENT WORLD.

The total yield of the strawberry patch was 1,929 quarts, which had a market value of \$385.80.

Mr. MCGREGOR, '72, has been spending a week in New York, seeing the elephant. Mr. Reid, of the same class, has acted as showman.

Mr. A. G. DRAPER has been appointed tutor in the College, and will assume the duties of the position on his return from Europe in the fall.

S. T. GREENE, '70, is the happy father of the first child born to any one of our College graduates. It is a boy, and '70 must look up that class cup.

Mr. HIBBARD, '72, attended the Baltimore Convention as correspondent of *The Monthly Voice*, one of Greeley's supporters, published in the swamps of New Jersey.

The contractor who has been fixing the terrace between Chapel Hall and Joiner Hall, near the pump, has been engaged of late in levelling the mound at the other side of the boys' play-ground.

Mr. CHAMBERS, '73, Mr. Beller, and Mr. Jones of '72 are still in Washington. Mr. Stretch, '74, who supplied Mr. Draper's place in the President's office during the last week or two of his stay, went home on the 8th.

PROFESSOR SPENCER is still at the Institution; Prof. Fay is at Saratoga; Mr. Ballard in Maine; Mr. Denison and wife in Vermont; Miss Pratt in Washington; Prof. Chickering and family wandering somewhere; and Mr. Hotchkiss is in Connecticut. Prof. Porter is also in Connecticut preparing for his trip to Europe on the 20th.

GENERAL HOWARD and his band of "gentle savages" honored the College with a visit soon after term closed. The students being away, "that dog" and Master Craig, one of the little negro pupils, did the receiving—that is, both took to their heels and scampered round the corner, yelping and bristling all over with fright, for those braves were dressed in true Indian rig, and looked strange enough.

On the 9th a sad accident occurred in Washington, by which three men lost their lives and five were injured. It was caused by the falling of three large derricks at the new State Department building. Mr. Robert S. Collins, a deaf-mute bricklayer, a graduate of the Washington Institution, was one of the victims of the disaster. He had his right arm badly fractured and received a severe wound on the head. Mr. Collins is an able workman.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.

IN a certain city, not 3,000 miles from Jacksonville, Illinois, we have a subscriber. In an adjoining town, connected with the former by a railroad, lives a subscriber to *The Deaf-Mute Advance*. Dear *Advance*, witness the nice little plan they have concocted for saving money and starving us both. Instead of each subscribing for both papers, they prefer to make semi-monthly excursions to each other's residences and there to read each the other's paper. Let us bring in a little arithmetic and see how much money they manage to save by this nice little arrangement. They pay in one year \$2 in subscriptions to *The Advance* and *THE SILENT WORLD*. The fare on the cars at twenty cents a trip amounts to \$4.80. Total, \$6.80. If both subscribed for the paper the expense would be, for papers, \$4; extra postage, 24 cents; total, \$4.24. Difference between the two methods, \$2.56. How much do they save? Now, we do not so much condemn the fact itself as the spirit of it. If deaf-mutes are so everlastingly stingy in matters that pertain to the welfare of the class, how can they expect others to exert themselves to aid them and advance their interests? When they give as little support as their despicable selfishness will allow, how can they expect any paper published in their interest to succeed? If one does not care to read *THE SILENT WORLD*, well and good; we do not wish to force him to take it; but when one has such a desire to peruse it that he is willing to put himself to the trouble and additional expense involved in the case we have cited, we consider ourselves outraged if he does not subscribe, and the individual in question is very mean spirited, indeed.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Mr. A. F. Marshall, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, June 26, by the Rev. Dr. Clerc, Mr. LESLIE G. MARSHALL, a graduate of the Hartford Asylum, to Miss SARAH KENDIG, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution.

DIED.

On Wednesday, the 10th inst., at the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, RICHARD PLUMMER JAMES, in the nineteenth year of his age. For a year or more past he had been the victim of that terrible disease, consumption, and all that medical skill could suggest was of no avail, and that dread monster, death, claimed him as his own. Deceased was formerly a pupil of the Washington Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

A CEYLONESE STORY.

LONG ago, a king—or, as some say, a very wealthy man, but it does not matter which, though a king sounds better—had an only child, a daughter, the heiress of all his wealth, who could not or would not speak. He tried all means to cure her, but in vain. At last he sent forth a proclamation that whoever, being of fitting degree, could restore speech to his daughter, could marry her and eventually be lord of all her father's wealth. Many tried, but all failed. At last a prince who had a magical gift—that of causing things inanimate to talk with him—came forward, and was admitted to the hall where the princess was. He spoke to her and tried to induce her to speak, but answer he got none.

Now, a lamp was hanging in the hall, and to it the prince good-humoredly addressed himself. "Lamp," said he, "I will tell you a story."

"Say on," replied the lamp.

"Well," went on the prince, "four travellers—a carpenter, a painter a cloth merchant, and a jeweler—set out on a journey. By-and-by they came to a rest-house, halted there, and prepared their food. The keeper of the rest-house had laid down on the floor a log of wood very suitable for carving. The carpenter, seeing this, pulled out his carving gear, and carved the log into the shape of a woman, life-sized and exquisitely beautiful. The painter next took his brushes and colored and painted the figure till it shone as brilliantly fair as a goddess. Then the cloth merchant opened his packages, chose the finest silks and embroidered robes, and dressed the figure in his choicest drapery. The jeweler took gems, earrings, necklaces, and spangles, and all such things, and bedecked the figure with them. Last of all, the figure was endowed with life. I do not take on me to explain how that came about, but it was the fact!"

"No more do I," said the lamp; "but, pray, go on. I hate digressions."

"When," continued the prince, "that exquisitely beautiful being burst into life, all the four fell violently in love with her, and each wished to make her his wife."

"Why, I shaped that matchless figure," said the carpenter.

"And I bestowed on her that blooming complexion," retorted the painter.

"And I robed her," exclaimed the merchant.

"But what are your choicest robes to the costly gems which were my gift? A woman is of little account without jewels," cried the jeweler.

"Thus they went on clamoring and disputing. Now, O lamp! who was to be declared the rightful owner?"

First the lamp said one and then another, giving reasons, and whatever the lamp said, the prince contradicted. The dispute waxed hot and furious, but seemed never to come nearer to an end.

The princess heard all the dispute, and held her peace. At last she could bear to keep silent no longer; so she cried, "You are both silly! The true owner was none of the four, but the keeper of the rest-house, for to him the wood she was made of belonged!"

"Ah, yes," said the prince, "you are in the right, my princess! And now that you have spoken, let me claim my reward and take you for my wife!" So they went before the king, who was enchanted with the cure, and they were married straightway, and lived happy ever afterward—at least it is said that the princess never gave her husband any cause after marriage to reproach her for too persistently holding her peace.

DURING the recent heated term in New York city two deaf-mutes were prostrated by the heat. One, named Hunt, died, while the other, a Mr. McGuire, recovered.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MICHIGAN.

THE kindness of Mr. Marcus Kerr, in presenting the Institution with a portrait of the late Laurent Clerc, painted by himself, is greatly appreciated. The painting is 24 by 30 inches in size, and is enclosed in a fine frame of beautiful workmanship. The portrait is considered by Mr. T. L. Brown, who knew Mr. Clerc well, to be a good likeness. At a meeting of the Clerc Monument Association, before the end of the school term, a vote of thanks to Mr. Kerr for this gift was passed unanimously.

Mr. Job Williams, a teacher of the American Asylum at Hartford, accepted the invitation extended by Mr. Bangs to act as chairman of the examining committee, but his illness, which happened a week before the commencement of the examination, made it necessary for him to give up the trip. Judge Gridley, of Jackson, Mr. Brockway, of the House of Correction at Detroit, and Dr. Fish, of Flint, composed the committee of examination. They commenced their work at 8.30 on Tuesday morning, the 25th, and continued it till Thursday noon. Mr. Bangs also took an important part in the examination. The committee expressed themselves satisfied with the progress as exemplified by each of the eight classes of deaf-mutes, and they were quite surprised at their common-sense answers to questions.

On Thursday afternoon the public exhibition commenced at 2 o'clock. A very large number of people were in attendance, the Chapel being filled to its utmost capacity. The Chapel was handsomely decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the portraits of the first educators of deaf-mutes in America, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc, and of the late Hon. B. Piereson and J. P. Leroy, (two deceased trustees of the Institution,) and that of the Hon. J. B. Walker, with a picture of the Institution, ornamented the wall. After a creditable exhibition of the deaf-mutes of the Elementary classes, Mr. Brown's class, the graduating one, gave neat specimens of their knowledge, writing compositions upon subjects given by the audience, such as Horace Greeley, Grant, Chicago, West Point, Anna Dickinson, Bismarck, and Lincoln. The class showed a degree of attainment creditable in the highest degree to themselves and their teacher. The recitations in the sign-language were much admired. "Sheridan's Ride" was rendered by Miss Furgerson with very fine effect. We wonder if this recitation was equal in beautiful pantomime to Mr. Jewell's, which is spoken of in connection with the exhibition at the New York Institution in *THE SILENT WORLD* of the 15th of June. Before the close of the exercises Judge Gridley made a very strong address, eulogizing the Institution, and Mr. Brockway made some remarks highly complimentary to the principal and teachers. On Friday the pupils dispersed to their homes to enjoy a rest of eleven weeks.

It is ascertained that a conference of the principals of the various institutions for the deaf and dumb will be held at the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind on Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th of next August. It is much regretted that Dr. Gallaudet, of Washington, will not be present at the conference, owing to his absence in Europe. An interesting time is anticipated.

Mr. Isaac L. Peet's able report has been read with much interest. If he had lived in Michigan he would not have said, "There is no case on record, so far as my knowledge extends, of a deaf-mute girl or woman being injured while walking on a railroad." One of the Michigan deaf girls, I think Miss Campbell, lost her life by being run over by cars. Another girl had the toes of her foot cut off by a freight train near the Institution. The New York mute girls must be more cautious or obedient than those of Michigan.

W. L. M. B.

NEW YORK.

THE Rev. Francis J. Clerc, D. D., has removed from Philadelphia to Burlington, N. J., where he has assumed the duties of Rector of the College. On the occasion of being introduced into the (Episcopalian) Convention of the Diocese, he took occasion to offer a resolution commending the cause of deaf-mute education and the religious instruction of individual deaf-mutes to the clergy of the diocese. The resolution was warmly supported and adopted.

The "Heathen Chinese" base-ball club has improved encouragingly by practice. However, they were beaten by the Sunny-Sides, though that club of youth from the French Institute had been previously beaten by two of our deaf-mute clubs. On Monday, the 24th, the Sunny-Sides played a farewell game with the Dexters; they were defeated a third time by 45 runs to 25.

N. B.—Fists have been shaken at your correspondent's head for venturing to speak of the H. C. club as if their skill and triumphs were *in posse* rather than *in esse*.

The annual examination was conducted by the venerable Dr. Peet, assisted by two or three other gentlemen. The Rev. Dr. Gilman gave the whole day of Saturday to an examination of the High Class in grammar, moral philosophy, physiology, mathematics, history, &c. The pupils of all the classes were found to have made commendable progress.

The closing exercises came off on Wednesday, 26th. Badges, as tokens of good conduct, being ribbons of different colors, were distributed in the morning. Of these there were five colors, marking the five degrees of the Roll of Honor: blue, red, green, yellow, and white. These badges are

edictory by one of the graduates; the distribution of presents to such of the pupils as had a perfect monitorial record; the address of the superintendent to the graduates; distribution of diplomas; music by the blind; and finally the exercises closed with the Lord's Prayer, in signs, by one of the girls.

The examination of all the classes was well sustained, and was the best in results that we ever have had here yet, and next year we hope to do still better.

NORTH * INSTITUTION.

Mr. J. L. NOYES, superintendent of the Institution, went East some time since to attend meetings of officers of similar institutions, to be held at Flint Mich., and South Boston, Mass.

WE copy the following communication, paying a just tribute to the excellence of this Institution and its management, from *The St. Paul Press*:

MR. EDITOR: Having a son among the nominally unfortunate, I concluded to visit Faribault and witness the closing exercises of the term. The school is under the able and successful management of Professor Noyes, who is assisted by an excellent corps of teachers. Though the present building is filled beyond its capacity we found everything relating to the school, the buildings, the play-grounds, and the garden and their appointments, in the most perfect order. The children were healthy, cheerful, and happy.

The closing exercises were a decided success, reflecting honor upon both teachers and scholars. The facility with which the blind would answer questions upon arithmetic, algebra, and moral science excited a feeling of just pride in their teacher and superintendent, and will be an enduring happiness to the scholars and their parents. The exercises of the mutes we could not so well understand, but believe they were equally a success. We remember well the pall which fell upon our hopes when we first discovered that our son was blind, but how is it lifted by the noble work of such an institution. A philanthropy so pure that provides education for the deaf and blind is in great degree a compensation for the misfortune that has fallen upon the world in this respect.

If I ever draw a diagram to illustrate the road from Eden lost to New Jerusalem or Eden regained, and illustrate it, I will picture an asylum just like that at Faribault right by the gate of New Jerusalem. Now, Mr. Editor, when next there is an application to the State for means to finish the noble structure so well begun and so successfully carried on, hail it as a blessed opportunity to assist in this divinest of human charities.

E. THOMPSON.

WATERVILLE, MINN. June 23, 1872

SOUTH CAROLINA.

ON Thursday, the 27th of June, a very large crowd of ladies and gentlemen congregated at Cedar Spring to witness the examination of the pupils of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind School located at that place.

The exercises commenced with an examination of those in the department of the blind, and was conducted by Mr. N. P. Walker, a worthy son of the founder of the Institution. The ready answers given, and the marked signs of progress exhibited, would have done great credit to one of our best schools, and we have no doubt that some of our bright-eyed boys and girls were made to blush as they saw themselves outstripped by those to whom the world is as a sealed book, and through whose sightless orbs no ray of light has ever found its way. Their power of memory was most strikingly portrayed in the combination and multiplication of numbers, and the skill displayed in writing was most wonderful.

The exercises in the department for the deaf and dumb were conducted by Miss Rogers, Mrs. North, the accomplished wife of Mr. North, acting as interpreter for the audience. The graceful manner in which she talked with her fingers, and the prompt answers to her questions which were written out upon the black-board by the class, made this part of the exercises very entertaining, as well as most satisfactory to every friend of the Institution. The pupils in this department gave the highest evidence that they had been patiently, carefully, and thoroughly instructed in all the ordinary branches usually taught in our best English schools. The most beautiful and touching exhibition, however, we ever witnessed, was the repetition on this occasion by four young girls of Wesley's beautiful hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," in the sign language. We don't think there was during the recital an eye unmoistened by a tear in the vast audience present.

The concert in the afternoon was a most delightful entertainment, and was conducted by Mr. North, who has charge of the department of the blind. In music, those who are deprived of the great blessing of sight seem to find their highest pleasure, and the Asylum is most fortunate in securing the services of so skilful a master of the art, Mr. N., who is not only a competent and devoted teacher, but, judging by the proficiency shown by his pupils on this occasion, a most successful one. The orchestra organized by him from the blind under his charge discoursed very sweet music indeed, and was loudly applauded. The singing was remarkably good, and was entered into with great feeling and spirit by every one of the pupils. The performance on the piano by a number of the smaller scholars showed most gratifying progress, and added greatly to the pleasure of all present. Mr. North and Mrs. North were indefatigable in their efforts to gratify their friends, and we can assure them that they fully succeeded.

We are sorry that we are compelled to give such a meagre account of this

exhibition, but cannot omit a word more in reference to Mr. Hughston, who presides over this Institution as its superintendent. Being a mute himself, and identified with the Institution from its foundation, no more worthy or competent man, or devoted friend of the unfortunate, could be found for the position.

Just before the performance of the last piece upon the programme of the concert, Mr. Walker asked if Gov. Scott, who was present, as chairman of the Board of Commissioners for the Asylum, would make any remarks. In response, the Governor said only a few words, expressing himself as very much gratified with what he had seen and heard.

After Gov. Scott, Mr. Neagle, another member of the board, was called upon, and spoke at some length. Mr. Jilson, the State superintendent, was next called for, and spoke moderately and appropriately for several minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is reported that the Legislature of Connecticut has given Jonathan Whipple an appropriation to establish an articulation school in that State.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.

MR. O. W. FULLER, of San Francisco, Cal., in renewing his subscription, says he wishes every deaf-mute would subscribe for *THE SILENT WORLD*. He says there are a few deaf and dumb persons in San Francisco; fifteen of them were baptized recently. Mr. Fuller intends to come East some time next spring.

MR. C. A. BROWN, of Belfast, Me., says, with a good deal of truth, that fifty intelligent subscribers to *THE SILENT WORLD* could easily insure its success by each getting twenty new subscribers, or even less. He promises to go to work again himself soon and add to his list of thirty names. There's an example for you! Mr. Brown is not content with giving advice; he acts up to his words.

THE postmaster at Stonington, Conn., informs us that the paper of Herman Erbe is not called for. Where shall we send it?

THE FORTNIGHT.

HOME.

AN immense mass of rich silver ore has been discovered in Utah. There are 2,000 tons in sight, the estimated value of which is \$5,000,000.—About all the tea we used to drink came by way of England. Now we get it through the Golden Gate, San Francisco having sent East \$923,000,000 worth of it last year.—The Orange parade took place at New York on the 12th ult., without any molestation, it being guarded by a large body of police.—The Brooklyn, N. Y., water board, during the last three years, have expended about \$9,000,000, a large part of it, as is alleged, fraudulently.—It has been decided in Chicago that insurance companies must notify the insured of the expiration of their policies, or else be held for loss, even after the expiration.—The eight-hour movement in New York has collapsed, but preparations for a strike next summer are being made, and employers are organizing for resistance.—The Indians are massing in hostile array against the United States survey expedition, which was to leave Fort Rice on the 25th ult.—At Bemtors, Cal., two Irishmen were caught setting fire to the grain stacks of a farmer who employed Chinese instead of them. They were hung by the neighboring farmers.—Red Cloud is urging the northern Sioux to remain peaceable, and says he will never fight the whites.—Caterpillars are threatening the cotton crop of South Carolina and the Gulf States.—The Iowa grain crop promises to be the best ever known in the State.—J. G. Bennett bequeathed \$250,000 towards completing the Catholic cathedral in New York.—The change made in the money-order business provides that orders for \$10, or a less amount than that, can be obtained for five cents.—Mr. Froude, the historian, comes to this country in October, and is to lecture.—Plans for the erection of a new government building at Chicago, to cost \$2,700,000, have been approved.—Many counties of Middle Tennessee are planted almost entirely with peanuts; careful calculations show that in the event of favorable weather continuing, the yield for this section alone will not be far from 11,000,000 bushels.—There were about 200 fatal cases of sunstroke in New York in the middle of last month.—A single charity has sent 23,000 children from among the poorer classes of New York to the farmers of the West, and it is said they do not disappoint the hopes of their helpers.—The boys of Newport, R. I., received a card of thanks from the Mayor for their exemplary conduct on Independence Day.—The king of Denmark has offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best history of the United States since the civil war.—The Boston Coliseum is wanted for an exhibition of the United States Agricultural Society, which has held no exhibition for fifty years. It is a very wealthy society.—A ship-load of 446 Mormon converts sailed for this country from Liverpool lately. Most of them were from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, only about thirty being English, Welsh, and Scotch.—A procession of three thousand natives of Alsace and Lorraine, headed by a

band of music, lately marched to the office of the French Consul, in New York, and signed papers of allegiance to France, thus repudiating the claims of the German Government upon them as its citizens.—Boston has a mending and repairing society, composed of women, who undertake to sew on buttons, darn stockings, and perform other kindly services for unprovided bachelors.—President Grant announces that he shall appoint postmistresses wherever they can fill such places as well as men.—Kentucky sportsmen are using nitro-glycerine to catch fish with. A pound of it exploded below water, elevating 86 of the finny tribe, weighing from a half to thirteen pounds each.—St. Louis has two sisters—a stone-cutter and an undertaker—one of whom advertises new “Dolly Varden tombstones,” and the other calls particular attention to her “Dolly Varden caskets.”—Virginia farmers complain of the scarcity of water; streams never known to fail before, are, entirely dry, and some are compelled to drive their stock from their own farms to procure a sufficiency of water.—There was a great horse-race at Saratoga, N. Y., a few days ago, in which Longfellow was defeated by Harry Bassett by one length. The distance was 2½ miles, and Harry Bassett made it in 3 minutes and 59 seconds. Longfellow had beaten Harry Bassett in a race at Long Branch, N. J., some days before. Longfellow is lamed, probably for life, one of his plates turning and cutting the other foot and leg badly in the last race.—The Stokes trial has resulted in a disagreement of the jury, and the prisoner has been remanded to jail to await a new trial.—A party of ladies have left Portland, Me., for the White Mountains; they will tramp on foot, wearing the Bloomer costume, from North Conway, one hundred miles among the hills, and returning to Conway, take the cars for home.—A Philadelphia paper says that fully one thousand operatives are engaged on the new ocean steamships now in course of construction for the American steamship line (to run between Philadelphia and Liverpool) at one of the ship-yards in that city. The Pennsylvania is nearly completed. The launch will probably take place during the first or second week of August, and it is intended to make it a memorable one, as marking a new epoch in the history of Philadelphia.—California is destined to receive the homage of travellers from all parts of the globe. A party of European tourists from Vienna, composed of persons of rank, among others the Count Festitis, a cousin of Prince Metternich, Count Ceroe, and Lord Blumen, after visiting the American institutions in the Eastern States, intend to proceed westward, hunt the buffalo, explore the territory of Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, and, lastly, observe the landscape and mountain scenery of California, particularly the Yosemite Valley and the Calaveras mammoth trees. This party is but the vanguard of a great army of tourists which is about to leave Europe for this country on a similar errand, all of them being anxious to see with their own eyes the great wonders of nature clustered on the Pacific coast, and so often portrayed by the pencil and the pen.—The official trial of a road steamer on the Erie canal was made on the 17th ult. in presence of the canal commissioners, and proved a complete success. The engine drew three loaded boats at double the speed of boats drawn by horses. It will facilitate the transportation of an immense amount of grain now accumulated at the western end of the canal awaiting transshipment.—The Brooklyn bridge tower is now one hundred and five feet high, and twelve feet more will bring it to the level of the proposed roadway, above which will be two smaller towers, each twenty-five feet high.—California papers estimate that the total gold and silver yield in all the States and Territories this year will run as high as \$76,000,000, making an allowance for a falling off in Montana, Oregon, and Colorado.—There have been floods in Alabama, and the damages will reach \$5,000,000. The accessible houses along the streams were swept away by scores. The cotton and corn on the highlands were badly damaged. The cotton crop of the State will be cut short 40,000 bales.—There is to be a line of first-class screw-steamships running between New York and Kingston, Jamaica. One good feature of this new line will be its arrangements for carrying fresh fruit between the ports in a shorter time.—An iron ship-building company at Chester, Pa., on the Delaware river—the Clyde of America—have just received a contract from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for two iron ships, each to be four hundred feet long and five thousand tons burden. These will be among the very largest vessels ever built in this country.—At a recent regatta at Havre, France, the New York yacht, *Sappho*, refused to race with Ashbury's yacht *Livonia*, after other yachts had withdrawn; but to show what could be done, the Yankee yacht started fifteen minutes behind the fleet, overhauled and passed the *Livonia*, crossed her bow fully one mile ahead, and returned to moorings in one hour and a half.—Twenty thousand people assembled on the banks of the Connecticut river, below Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, the 23d of July, to witness a contest between representative boat crews from the different colleges in New England. Exciting races took place, in which Wesleyan University, of Middletown, Conn., won the Freshman race, and Amherst University, of Amherst, Mass., the University. The latter crew made the 3 miles in the quickest time on record—16 minutes, 32 seconds.

POLITICAL.

HORACE GREELEY received on the 12th ult. the committee from Baltimore deputed to notify him of his nomination by the Democratic Convention for the Presidency. He made them an address of acceptance, and invited them to his Chappaqua farm, whither they went the following day.—Sena-

tor Sumner has pronounced his preference for Greeley in a letter in reply to one addressed him by a hundred colored citizens in regard to the subject. He advises them to vote the Liberal-Democratic ticket, assuring them that their interests are safer in the hands of Greeley than of Grant.—The State election in North Carolina occurs early in August, and the contest is progressing amid unusual excitement, both parties making tremendous efforts. Secretaries Boutwell and Delano, Senator Wilson, and some other prominent speakers, have been making speeches for the Republicans, and Senators Carl Schurz, Trumbull, Frank Blair, Thurman, and others, for the Conservatives.—Montgomery Blair claims credit for the initiation of the Greeley coalition. He says the young Democracy of the South forced the nomination at Baltimore.—Vice-President Colfax's health will prevent his taking a very active part in the Presidential campaign.

FOREIGN.

THE two-hundredth anniversary of Peter the Great was celebrated in Russia with great pomp, both religious and secular. The Princes Constantine and Nicholas sailed on the Neva in a boat which Peter had built with his own hands, and which was decorated with flags, &c. All the forts and batteries thundered forth salutes as they passed, while on the shore the Emperor and Imperial family, with their retinue, engaged in solemn thanksgiving services, conducted by the leading prelates of the Greek Church.—The cholera epidemic is gradually making way from the Eastern Provinces of Russia, and gaining foothold in the central and western portions of the Empire. Moscow is now suffering from its ravages; the proportion of recoveries is placed at eight to one death. This fatality has produced a panic among the inhabitants, and thousands of the better classes are fleeing into Western Europe.—The steady progress of Russia towards Central Asia alarms the English government. This subject is to the average Englishman as a red rag is to a bull.—In a recent speech Gambetta denounced the Conservative party in France, and spoke of Thiers in the highest terms of praise.—Thiers has advised the French Assembly to establish France as a permanent republic.—Guizot, who is a mature man of nearly ninety years, calls Thiers, with his wide experience as a statesman, a novice, though he is seventy years old.—An attempt was made to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain on the 18th ult., on their return from the royal garden in Madrid to the palace in the evening. One of the assassins was killed by an attendant of the royal party, and two others captured. Their majesties remained self-possessed during the brief conflict with the assassins. The next day the King and Queen assisted at the *Te Deum* in the royal chapel. The King subsequently walked through the streets, and was cheered with enthusiasm by the people.—Dr. Howard has been released in a queer way. He refused to accept his release as an act of pardon, as his acceptance of it might appear as an acknowledgment of his guilt, and a waiver of his right to compensation. He was then turned or forced out.—The King of Siam has conferred the decoration of the White Elephant on the King of Spain.—A disgraceful affray occurred at Alexandria, Egypt, on the 12th ult., between U. S. Consul G. H. Butler and his secretary, Wadleigh, on the one side, and several ex-rebels, now in the Khedive's service, on the other. Shots were exchanged, and one of the Khedive's officers wounded. Butler claims there was an attempt to assassinate him, but this is denied, and he is charged with being the aggressor.—A dispatch received in London from Aden announces the arrival of Mr. Stanley, *The New York Herald* African correspondent, and says he will start for London in company with a son of Dr. Livingstone. Stanley is the bearer of letters from the great explorer to the British government, as well as for the family and friends of the long absent Livingstone. Stanley states that when he left the interior of Africa, Livingstone was unwell, but was nevertheless determined to proceed with his explorations, and will not return until he has completed the great work of ascertaining the source of the Nile.—The Geneva Court of Arbitration on the American claims against England is fairly at work. Absolute secrecy is sought to be maintained until the deliberations are concluded. The proceedings are necessarily slow, as there is a necessity of using different languages.

THE New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has graduated some 1,600 persons during its 54 years of usefulness.

OUR “Reliable Local” reports that a beggar called at his home in Washington, a few days since, and presented a paper which stated that “the bearer, Thomas O'Rourke, was deaf and dumb; consequently he could not labor for his own support and was dependent upon charity.” Our R. L. was a little suspicious, and asked him where he was taught such principles, and was answered with the universal beggar sign for deaf and dumb. “Here, Jack, catch this rascal!” suddenly bellowed our R. L. to his dog, whereupon the dumb man taken by surprise, quickly made off, leaving his letter of introduction with our responsible reporter. We can assure the public there is little fear of his using it.